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LLYN IDWAL.

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The solemn gloom which rests from age to age on Llyn Idwal is seldom disturbed by the voice of man or the movement of any living thing. It is a dark lake enclosed by lofty mountains, and its general aspect may well inspire the beholder with awe.

But as if the sternness of nature were not enough to produce that effect, care has been taken to connect with this romantic scene a history of crime, dark as its frowning heights. Here, it is told in the ancient history of Wales, an unfortunate young prince was foully murdered.

The name of the victim is perpetuated in the scene of his death. Idwal was the son of Prince Owen Gwynedd, who selected, as was customary in those days, a foster-father to guard and instruct the youth. His choice fell on Dunawt, the son of Nefydd Hardd, who was one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales, and regarded by the Prince as one to whom so important a charge

might safely be intrusted. In this the parent was mournfully deceived. The child was brutally hurled into the lake below; no hand providentially interfered to avert the danger,

"No human ear but Dunawt's heard
Young Idwal's dying scream,"

and the Prince sank to rise no more.

The cliffs that surround the lake present a most striking spectacle, "split into a thousand fearful slopes," and a vast chasm yawning between which is called Trol or the Black Cleft. This is fancifully reported to have been selected by Divine wrath to become the abode of the murderer, and of the howling demon, who, exulting over the fallen spirit, is supposed to be engaged in subjecting the guilty Dunawt to new tortures from day to day. The appalling aspect of the spot is such, that "no bird dare venture to dip his wings in the lake, or pause near its water."

THE AUTHOR RUSTICATING.

DEDICATED TO THE NOW RUSTICATING
GENTRY OF LONDON.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 6.)

In the morning, at breakfast, Mr. Adolphus was pointedly introduced to all the ladies, and their several accomplishments were respectively marked out with the utmost precision by the baronet. "Those four," said the worthy gentleman, "are my nieces, and they live with me just to make up the dozen." "I am not surprised—it could not but be so," rejoins Adolphus; "the Graces, you know, were three, and the Muses nine—which, together, make twelve." "And now, sir," says the baronet, "shall I introduce you formally to each? This young one (she was last year above thirty) is my eldest, and is distinguished for her learning; she will best suit a great author. My second is distinguished for her skill in horsemanship or womanship; I intend her for a soldier: ah! and I will not disdain a lieutenant, if a brave, honest, good-natured fellow. My third is very religious; I intend her for a clergyman. That young demoiselle by your side is, I believe, distinguished for nothing but her beauty; and as beauty and plainness generally match, she will in all probability find a mate amongst the descendants of the worthy club whose fame Mr. Spectator has transmitted (see No. 17, 18): she has something, however, besides a pretty face, and will not, I think, be forced hereafter to say to her husband, 'You never love me but when you look me in the face.' The next in the illustrious order is a nightingale: she has the prettiest voice you ever heard in your life, unless it be that of your sister's; she can play on nearly every instrument, but, despite of Mrs. Caroline Fry, she will never open her mouth in church. The sixth is a painter—an amateur in all the fine arts. The seventh is, I believe, distinguished for nothing but good common sense, mixed up with an agreeable effluvium of nonsense and of philosophy; and my youngest, my pet, is very ambitious—she is both constantly aspiring and attaining to every form and feature of female excellence and virgin superiority. I should not be surprised if Matilda does not gain the fond admiration of one of our first statesmen; but whomsoever she marries, will be great, for she will make him such. She has a power which witches never had, of converting a dwarf into a giant, and a cripple into a pedestrian, a pugilist, and a warrior. Good luck to her; may she live all the days of her life." "Yes," says Adolphus, "and may I be permitted to

add, when she dies, and before she dies, may she die to earth, but may earth and fame never say 'die' to such amiable and exalted worth and genius." "As for the other four girls, Mr. Adolphus, they are good-natured creatures, at least when they have all their own way ("So I believe the very furies are," said Adolphus—who, indeed, here spoke unadvisedly and rashly) and their *escritoires* full of love-letters: but I will take good care that they do not marry any one." "Yes," added Mr. Adolphus, "better, far better, marry no one, than any one." "I cannot say," continues the baronet, "that they are particularly celebrated, unless it be for good-nature." "There is such a thing as excess, even here, Sir Thomas," observed Mr. Adolphus, thus continually giving the worthy baronet a little interval for breathing; "I've known many victimised by good-nature; mild dishes, more than others, require a little cayenne; there are a gang of wretches in the world, who, though never educated for the medical profession, yet love to prescribe, and still more to apply, the mustard poultice wherever they discover more than ordinary quietness, amiability, and good-nature, especially if mixed with a little indiscretion." Sir Thomas was proceeding to describe the peculiarities in the varied excellencies of these accomplished girls, adding to all a glorious bumper, by assuring our philosopher that they would have such handsome fortunes, especially the eldest, when he was violently interrupted by the young or old (for I scarcely know which to call them) ladies, who, though evidently as much animated and delighted by the strain of the conversation as their dear papa, yet protested against his saying anything further. "You will make us all blush," says Dorothea. "Ah!" says Matilda, "look at my face—it must, I am sure, resemble an old woman's scarlet gown." "You must excuse papa," adds a third; "it is weakness; but it is the weakness of a father." Mr. Adolphus thought he would give both parties a hint, but in so polite and courteous a style, that, if offended, they could only be offended with themselves. "The ladies, Sir Thomas," says our moral philosopher, "need no recommendation; self-recommendation, sir, is the best, the only true recommendation; and this the father gives his children when he gives them a good education and sets them a good example, when he places good society and good books in their daily path, and his house is fortified as a city. The light of virtue then shines on their light-some step, their hearts are buoyant as the tripping billow, their countenances fresh and vivacious as the early spring, and their eyes sparkling as the dew-drop; in prosperity the regent of heaven shines without

intermission all the day—it is all sun, and all summer; in adversity—the night of the soul—there is not a planet or a star in the heavens but rejoices to shed its halcyon blaze on their perhaps tear-swollen, sleepless eye; they had but one sun by day, but ten thousand sparkle by night, as though full of love, and hope, and joy; yea, they have more as they are more virtuous—for, like astronomers, with the glass of faith, which is the wand of virtue, they see thousands of lights, creations, and splendours, where the common eye perceives but darkness. I delight—I delight—"Oh! Mr. Adolphus," says the eldest, interrupting him, "you remind us of mama; her sentiments and your's are exactly the same; but then, poor mother had no accomplishments, and she used to be so constantly introducing such reflections, that they lost, I am afraid, their energy, being regarded as tame repetitions, especially as she was little accustomed to converse on general subjects; but I love to think and talk of mama. Do you not think, Mr. Adolphus, that those young people who are fond of their mothers generally make excellent partners for life? I never yet knew an exception." "And I am sure," adds Mr. Adolphus, "that you will not be the first." But we shall not give the remainder of the conversation at the breakfast-table, as it would perhaps be neither pleasing nor profitable, but proceed with the account of the promenade of our city philosopher in this "delightful rookery."

After the refreshments of the table were removed, and they had retired to another room, Mr. Adolphus was surprised to find the spinsters suddenly vanish, and equally surprised when, after about half an hour's solitude, the lady governess of the establishment stepped in, and, with some work in her hand, placed herself by his side. Oh! delectable opportunity! to be thus left alone, with so talented a lady! how fortunate, to be allowed, the very first morning, to hold a tête-à-tête with a lady of such splendid *fortune*—the richest coheiress of her grandfather, the sole proprietor to her great uncle's estates, which lay, our friend knows not whither, in Kilkenney in Ireland, or Kentucky in the United States; but, however, it was certainly in the United States; for, besides these, she was expecting houses, lands, chattels, and cattle, in another direction! A distant relation of the family, an old bachelor, who had followed some mean business in London, and accumulated year after year, till he got tired of accumulating, if the reader can believe it, was so proud of the connection, and so much flattered by their casual and cold invitations, that he determined to leave all to them, and having a strong partiality for the law

of primogeniture, being the law and fashion of the aristocracy, and believing himself to have a great taste for literature, he determined on bequeathing the whole to the eldest, contenting himself with doing nothing for the rest, but making them occasional valuable presents in his lifetime—which is just the way in which most men, alas! treat religion, leaving all to a dying bed. After some conversation with this talented heiress, Adolphus ventured to express a wish to promenade; to which, however, the lady seemed much averse, stating that there could be no inducement to walk in the country, as in town, where there were so many sights. Oh! degenerate taste! Is this, then, what it is to live in the country, to be longing for town? But the lady kept on, showing him some other curiosities of literature or science, whilst he was in vain sighing, with Horace, "*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?*" (2 Sat. 6, 60.) But at length, however, when a pause occurred, Adolphus urged his request with so much eloquence and earnestness, that the lady consented to accompany Mr. Adolphus, in half an hour or so, to some pretty romantic spot, about a mile distant. On their way thither, instead of descending, in poetic terms, on the happiness enjoyed in contemplating the verdure of fields, and the shade of woods, and the charming varieties of hill and dale, in listening to the melody of birds, and the fall of the cascade, and the sweet murmuring of brooks, and bleating flocks, his fair companion was wholly occupied with the delights of literary society, and the refinements of polite modern philosophy. "Oh, it is so rare to find a man," says Miss Winterbotham, "endued with the true spirit of poetry and philosophy—a *rara avis*—in this neighbourhood, I assure you. But, though they may have pleasures superior to others, they are also more susceptible to anxiety, neglect, and every kind of mental suffering." "Yes," says Mr. Adolphus, "there is no rose but has its thorn—no jewel to be gathered on the shores of life without piercing the tender feet with the flints that surround it, but I would rather have knowledge, though purchased with much toil, and though with much wisdom, there be much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow, rather than riches; still more dearly purchased at the expense of fine and holy feeling, and tranquillity of conscience. But there are other griefs and annoyances of an external nature," observed Miss W., "and the more popular and successful the author, the more he is exposed to their rude attacks." Adolphus—"You refer, perhaps, to the contempt with which many of the class are held by those who thus express contempt for themselves, or

to the feuds, jealousies, expressions, and rivalry of their brethren, or their often un-recompensed labour. Miss W.—“Have you seen Mr. Dickens's late production? Do you know what some of the French critics say of him—they call him a ‘mountebank.’” A.—“But this is nothing compared to the reception many receive at home, for words of the great teacher may be just transferred to the author, ‘he has no honour amongst his own kindred.’ But nothing can be so flattering as the violent and abusive attacks of rival pretenders, who, instead of reviews as they misnomer them, vomit forth some of the learning they have been taught at Billingsgate. But of the proceedings of this fraternity the great Addison has long since observed, ‘No sooner do they see a man rising into repute, than all the petty scramblers of less fame are at him, and ten to one if they do not make him out a fool and villain before they have done with him.’” Miss W.—“You remind me of a passage of Voltaire I was reading last week, in which, I think, he expresses the same sentiment. I will show it you when we return.” A.—“It is not pretension, though the world knows they have enough of this, a single would be critic, having enough in his little finger for the whole metropolis, not to speak of the asinine lump; but reality, the reality of misrepresentation, scurrility, humbug, and malignity. But not to waste five words more on such idle arrogance, or so much as snap your fingers. let us rest under the shade of this fine tree before us. Surely this ought to be sacred to love and poetry.” Miss W.—“You remind me of the lines of one of our poets, which a young genius not long since inscribed to his inamorata, at this very spot.

“Here, on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometimes carve a true love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.”

Shall I tell you the sequel of the story,” Mr. Adolphus. “O, Yes!” “Whilst this handsome young bard was imitating his predecessor, engraving one of the most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, his feet in the tree, which he had gained with much skill deserted him; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river. The poet did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying himself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.” Mr. Adolphus.—“This is a beautiful tree, and as for the river, I think I should not care for such a tumble on a hot summer's day.” Miss W.—“You remember Miss Cornelia Charwell.” Mr. A.—“Oh, yes, her head was so far turned with romantic imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to the nightingales; she kept a

pair of nightingales cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all the gentle methods to bring her to herself, as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus.” “Then do you really prefer country life.” Mr. A.—“Yes, I believe nearly all men of experience must do; they will be constrained to own with Virgil in the words thus translated by Dryden!—

“My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,
A country cottage, near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.”

Miss W.—“What think you are the reasons why men thus prefer rural life?” Mr. A.—“The superior and more solid pleasure thus tasted may readily be accounted for. A country retired life has more tranquillity, which men, whose hearts are devoted to ambition or avarice, never experience, but they are in love with it as with an imaginary deity; and no fresh-coloured youth more ardently longs to throw himself at the feet of some tender complacent beauty, and lingers, in fond imagination, on her smile and approbation, than they are delighted with the representations of ease and respite from those pursuits in which they engage more out of some real or imaginary necessity, or restless passion, than from deliberate choice. The mind, irritated in the city, is soothed by every new sight and sound in the rural ramble whether the sun or the moon presides over nature. It has also the appearance, if wanting in the reality, of simplicity, innocence, and goodness, with the representations of which most men, if not thoroughly depraved, are always well pleased. Hence the charm of the prattle of children, and even the sight of the irrational creation will afford pleasure to the heart which can rejoice in benevolence and love, and prefer simplicity and sincerity to artifice, pomp, and malice. Besides, the country air is more salubrious, more conducive to health; the spirits are more lively and the imagination more vigorous. We see God and nature in the one, man and art in the other; and though cities are necessary, and though great cities are the indications of great refinement, intelligence, wealth, and the most unequivocal proof of social greatness, and pleasures may be enjoyed there which are denied to the lover of country life; yet, for a permanency, they cannot boast of so many pleasing scenes and objects. Hence poets often resort to the latter for picturesque representations of domestic enjoyment, innocent festivities, and happy social life. It was the state in which our first parents were placed—it formed the elysium of ancient poets, whose fruitful imaginations could invent no happier

heaven from the materials of earth—and the paradise of Mahomet—and poet, and philosopher, and citizens—all, perhaps, but poor ignorant rustics, who prefer the city because they are ignorant or unwise, give the country superior praise."

On our return to the mansion, the first thing Miss W. did was to prove her erudition and research by taking half-a-dozen volumes from Voltaire's works, and pointing him out the passage she had referred to. In vain was it for him to say he should rather prefer some other quotation more profitable and to his taste, which reads as follows. The lady little knew the passage, having only remembered the subject. "The good man had some of those periodical productions wherein men, incapable of producing anything themselves, blacken the productions of others; where a Vise insults a Racine, and a Faidit a Fenelon. I compare them to certain gnats that lodge their eggs in the finest horses, which do not however prevent their running. The true philosopher scarce deigns to cast his eyes upon these excrescences of literature."—*Tales*, vol. ii., p. 242. After showing Mr. Adolphus some of her poetry, he was requested, or rather commanded, to give them one of his original pieces. They had visited one of the humble tenants of the baronet in their walk, with whose tenants and their history he had been made acquainted, and Mr. Adolphus, delighted more with this scene than ever rustic was with all the grandeur of the metropolis, having retired, composed the following lines:—

"See, where yon clay-built habitation stands,
Whose w' litten'd front with clean wip'd casements
shine,
A glowing landscape to the south commands,
While round the entrance creeps the fruitful vine.

"Behind, an orchard teems with goodly fruit,
In front a lawn, where sportive lambskins bleat,
On either side the door a moss grown root
Is rudely hewn to form a shady seat.

"Beneath this roof a happy pair reside,
Far from tumultuous scenes of worldly strife;
There dwells the good Philon, whose only pride
Centres with rapture in his lovely wife.

"Louisa long had been in virtue train'd
Her aged parent's sole support on earth,
And, with the pittance that hard labour gain'd,
Cherish'd the with'ring form that gave her birth.

"Philon, in peaceful competency blest,
With pious transport saw the dutions fair,
And kindly snatch'd her to his fost'ring breast,
When love and gratitude repaid his care.

"Three beauteous children now adorn his board,
Emblems of health and innocence combin'd;
While, by each other, more and more ador'd
The parents daily new perfections find.

"Soon as the lark his matin carol sings,
Philon, refresh'd by sleep, to work repairs,
Louisa, from the couch of slumber springs,
Pleas'd to commence the matron's daily cares.

"Their frugal, wholesome meal, at noon they share,
With healthful appetites, and thankful hearts

Nor, while a fragment from their board they spare,
The pilgrim from the gate unsafed departs.

"And when, at eve, their daily toil is done,
In cheerful gambols on the lawn they play,
Till the last rays of the departing sun
Close both the toils and pleasures of the day.

"Uniting, then, their hands and hearts they raise,
While pious glory animates each face,
In strains of rapture sing their Maker's praise,
And beg his gracious blessing on their race.

"Their father, hearing, showers upon their heads,
The choicest blessings fathers can bestow,
Gives peace the sure reward of virtuous deeds,
And calm content, the greatest bliss below."

(To be continued.)

BINT-EL-SULTAN.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Travellers to the east have for the last quarter of a century been fond of celebrating Lady Hester Stanhope. Her charms and capacity made her with some of them the eighth wonder of the world. The truth seems to be, possessed of a good English income, with the means, she had the inclination of rendering very acceptable services to her wandering countrymen, and their gratitude, which she merited, blazed up into admiration which under other circumstances would not have been felt. More than twenty years ago Mr. Buckingham gave an account of her in his *Oriental Herald*, which attracted public attention to her Syrian mode of life. Her ladyship's domestic establishment, at the period of Mr. Buckingham's visit, consisted of an English physician, who lived in a separate house, at a distance of less than a mile; an English attendant, and an English house-keeper; a Levantine secretary, and a small number of male and female servants of the country, for the ordinary purposes of labour. She indulged her extreme fondness for beautiful horses, by keeping a small stud of Arabians of the most celebrated breed, on which she occasionally took such exercise only as her health required. She rose generally at eight; walked or read until ten; breakfasted in the English manner; then wrote letters, or dictated to her secretary; walked, or rode on horseback; dined soon after sunset, on fare neither too frugal nor too sumptuous; spent the evening in conversation, and retired at midnight. Such were her general habits; but she never suffered them to interfere with an occasion for doing good. She maintained a correspondence, in several languages, with people of distinction in most parts of Europe and India, which, besides the interchange of sentiments of friendship, was often carried on to prompt some useful object in the country, and frequently led to happy results. The author seems to have been

quite transported with the captivating charms of her conversation, the frankness and dignity of her manners, and the extraordinary amiability of her disposition and character. But his admiration of her appears to be at least equalled, if not surpassed, by that of the people by whom her ladyship was surrounded. The costume which Lady Hester wore since her residence in Syria, is that of a Turkish effendi, or private gentleman, which she was induced to adopt for these reasons:—the dress of an English lady would, whenever she went abroad, collect a crowd of the natives round her; that of a Turkish lady would scarcely allow her to move, see, or breathe; and the dress of an English gentleman would be exceptionable for another reason; whilst the dress of a Turkish gentleman, with its ample and flowing robes, that completely conceal the figure of the wearer, is quite consistent with delicacy, will allow perfect freedom of motion, and will not attract a crowd from its singularity.

She was called Bint-el-Sultan, or the king's daughter, and was regarded as an inspired or insane person, and therefore under the special protection of God. This lady it has been thought necessary, or at least likely to be profitable, to draw from her dread abode, and some person who calls himself her physician has collected specimens of her ladyship's conversation, which now come before the public in three volumes. Supposing this physician to have only very common-place abilities, we really think he might have been better employed, for it was not kind to the lady to treasure up all her small talk, and the public will not thank him for producing such perfect specimens of incoherent nonsense.

"I can recall my life—everything worth retaining, that I wished to remember. I could tell what people said, how they sat, the colour of their hair, of their eyes, and all about them, at any time for the last forty years and more. At Hastings, for example, I can tell the names of the two smugglers, Tate and Everett, who attended at the bathing-machine, and the names of the apothecary, Dr. Satterly, although I have never heard a word about those persons from that day to this. How well I recollect what I was made to suffer when I was young; and that's the reason why I have sworn eternal warfare against Swiss and French governesses. Nature forms us in a certain manner, both inwardly and outwardly, and it is in vain to attempt to alter it. One governess at Chevening had our backs pinched in by boards, that were drawn tight with all the force the maid could use; and as for me, they would have squeezed me to the size of a puny miss—a thing impossible! My instep by nature so

high, that a little kitten could walk under the sole of my foot, they used to bend down in order to flatten it, although that is one of the things that shows my high breeding. Nature, doctor, makes us one way, and man is always trying to fashion us another. Why, there was Mahon, when he was eight or nine years old, that never could be taught to understand how two and two make four. If he was asked, he would say, four and four makes three, or ten, or something: he was shown with money, and with beans, and in every possible way, but all to no purpose. The fact was, that the particular faculty was not yet developed: but now there is no better calculator anywhere. The most difficult sums he will do on his fingers; and he is besides a very great mathematician. There was a son of Lord Darnley's, a little boy, who was only big enough to lie under the table, or play on the sofa, and yet he could make calculations with I don't know how many figures—things that they have to do in the treasury. Now, if that boy had gone on in the same way, he would by this time have been chancellor of the exchequer. But I hear nothing of him, and I don't know what has become of him; so I suppose he has not turned out anything extraordinary. But nature was entirely out of the question with us: we were left to the governesses. Lady Stanhope got up at ten o'clock, went out, and then returned to be dressed, if in London, by the hair-dresser; and there were only two in London, both of them Frenchmen, who could dress her. Then she went out to dinner, and from dinner to the opera, and from the opera to parties, seldom returning until just before daylight. Lord Stanhope was engaged in his philosophical pursuits: and thus we children saw neither the one or the other. Lucy used to say, that if she had met her mother-in-law in the streets, she should not have known her. Why, my father once followed to our own door in London a woman who happened to drop her glove, which he picked up. It was our governess; but, as he had never seen her in the house, he did not know her in the street. He slept with twelve blankets on his bed, with no nightcap, and his window open: how you would have laughed had you seen him! He used to get out of bed, and put on a thin dressing-gown, with a pair of silk breeches that he had worn overnight, with slippers, and no stockings: and then he would sit in a part of the room which had no carpet, and take his tea with a piece of brown bread. He married two wives; the first a Pitt, the second a Grenville; so that I am in two ways related to the Grenvilles. Sir Sydney Smith said of me, after he had known me fifteen years, and when my looks were much

changed by illness, 'When I see you now, I recall to my recollection what you were when you first came out. You entered the room in your pale shirt, exciting our admiration by your magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in your face, and ineffable smiles of your countenance diffused happiness around you.' When mentioning this, her ladyship added, 'Doctor, at twenty my complexion was like alabaster; and, at five paces' distance, the sharpest eye could not discover my pearl necklace from my skin; my lips were of such a beautiful carnation, that, without vanity, I can assure you very few women had the like. A dark blue shade under the eyes, and the blue veins that were observable through the transparent skin, heightened the brilliancy of my features. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks; and to all this was added a permanency in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair.'

The "hoity-toity-whisky frisky" stuff about to be quoted, gives anything but a favorable impression of Lady Hester's good taste. "Poor Charles! My brother Charles one day was disputing with James about his handsome Colonel, and James, on his side, was talking of somebody's leg being handsome, saying he was right, for it had been modelled, and nobody's could be equal to it; when Charles turned to me, and asked with great earnestness if I did not think General Moore was the better made man of the two. I answered, 'He is certainly very handsome.'—'Oh! but,' said Charles, 'Hester, if you were only to see him when he is bathing, his body is as perfect as his face.' I never even smiled, although inwardly I could not help smiling at his *naïveté*. I consider it a mark of vulgarity and of the association of bad ideas in people's minds when they make a handle of such equivokes in an ill-natured way, as you recollect Mr. T. did when he was at Alexandria.* * As for what people in England say or have said about me, I don't care that for them (snapping her fingers); and whatever vulgar-minded people say or think of me has no more effect then if they were to spit at the sun. It only falls on their own nose, and all the harm they do is to themselves. They may spit at a marble wall as they may at me, but it will not hang. They are like flies upon an artillery-horse's tail—there they ride, and ride, and buzz about, and then there comes a great explosion; bom! and off they fly. I hate affectation of all kinds. I never could bear those ridiculous women who cannot step over a straw without expecting the man who is walking with them to offer his hand. I always said to the men, when they offered me their hand, 'No, no; I have got legs of my own, don't

trouble yourselves.' Nobody pays so little attention to what are called punctilios as I do; but if any one piques me on my rank, and what is due to me, that's another thing; I can then show them who I am.'

If she paid the physician his salary, he might as well have left this out of his book.

LIFE IN DELHI.

"The evening is the best time for getting an insight into the ways and manners of the people; I therefore gladly accepted the offer of Captain Bowen to ride with him on his elephant through the streets of Delhi, his surwar, mounted on a camel, trotting on before to make way for us. We proceeded to the silver market, the broad street which intersects Delhi from east to west. When we turned into it at the extreme west end, the most interesting scene of Indian common life met our eyes. The houses in this street are of two and three stories, built of sandstone and brick. On the ground-floor are the open bazaars, from which innumerable lamps diffused a light equal to that of the finest illumination; the upper stories are the residence of the merchants, where, at the open windows, or in the balconies or verandahs, the women and girls, gaily dressed, were gazing upon the multitude below. The people passed in crowds from shop to shop; elephants and camels endeavoured carefully to make their way through the living mass;—here were the merchants praising their goods, there were handsome female figures, in their airy white garments, giving vent to their joy in laughing and jesting: bands of music were playing, while female dancers and buffoons collected a little circle around them, who expressed their admiration more by gestures than by words. A cunning fruit-seller offered his hookah to every passer-by, to entice customers. Jewellers now and then opened their caskets, and displayed their beautiful ornaments of gold, silver, precious stones, and pearls; for the work of the goldsmiths of Delhi, especially in filigree, are more ingenious, tasteful, and inexpensive than anywhere in India, and far excel those of Genoa. Paintings on ivory, portraits, as well as buildings and processions, are executed here in the greatest perfection, and would do honour even to our best artists. Not merely is the likeness admirable, but the delicacy and fidelity of the execution are very great. We rode about for a couple of hours through this busy world, and it was late in the evening before we reached the camp.—*Captain Leopold von Orbeta.*

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CHAPTER VII.—THE VISIT.

"Well, my dear son," said d'Aigrigny, on entering M. Hardy's chamber, "how do you find yourself to-day?"

"As usual, father."

"You are still, my dear son, satisfied with the services of the people about you?"

"Yes, father."

"We are so happy to see you pleased with our humble abode, my dear son, that we would willingly anticipate your desires."

"I desire nothing, father—nothing but sleep."

"Sleep is forgetfulness, which here below is better than memory, for mankind are so wicked and ungrateful, that almost all remembrance is painful; is it not, my dear son?"

"Alas! it is too true, father."

"I admire your proud resignation, my dear son," said this man of duplicity, falling on his knees beside M. Hardy. "Alas! the friend who so shamefully betrayed you could little appreciate the excellence of your heart; but it is always thus in seeking the affection of the creature, instead of thinking only of the creator."

"For mercy's sake speak not of that."

"I will not, my son. Forget your persecuted friend, whom, sooner or later, the wrath of God will overtake, for having so basely betrayed your noble confidence; forget, also, the unhappy woman whose punishment will be terrible—for she trampled under foot the most sacred ties."

"This is more than I can bear, father."

"Pardon me, my son; but you see the bare mention of your earthly attachments still afflicts you; does that not prove to you, that you must look for consolation from a higher source than this corrupt world? what a happy day it will be for me, when the last link that binds you to this vile earth, shall be broken—when, having become one of us, you will aspire, only, to eternal happiness; but I am afraid, my dear son, you still regret the pleasures of this life; fortunately, however, you will, to-day, be put to a decisive proof."

"What do you mean, father?"

"An honest artisan—one of your best workmen, is coming to see you."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten. Agricola is coming. I think I shall be pleased to see him."

"Well, my dear son, your interview with him will be the proof I have spoken of. The presence of this worthy youth will recall to your mind the activity of your past life; perhaps the repose you now enjoy will appear irksome to you—perhaps you will desire to launch again into the world, to form other friendships and other attachments, to lead in short, as in the past, a noisy and bustling life. Should such desires arise in you, it will show that you are not yet ripe for our retreat—obey them—seek for pleasure again; my good wishes will follow you amid the bustle of the world; remember, my dear son, that this peaceable asylum will always be open to you, and that you will find me ever ready to condole with you on the vanity of all terrestrial things."

"I have suffered too much, father, to desire again to mix in the world."

"You think so at present, my dear son, because hitherto you have been undisturbed in your solitude; but this workman, thinking of his own interest and that of his associates, is coming to demand fresh sacrifices: you will be unable to resist his urgent entreaties."

"It will be wiser, then, father, to plead indisposition, and not see him."

"But he will insist on seeing you. Let me see—yes—you must, then, write to Agricola."

"Father, I am too weak to do so myself; but shall try if you will dictate."

D'Aigrigny having reached M. Hardy the materials for writing, dictated as follows:—

"My dear Agricola. On mature reflection I have concluded that an interview would be useless: that it would only awaken the sorrows, which, by the aid of God and the consolation of religion, I have been enabled, to forget. I now enjoy profound peace, and, thanks to divine mercy, I hope to die as becomes a christian. I shall let you know when I am able to receive you, for I wish to acquaint you of the sincere interest I shall have in your welfare, and in that of your companions. Until then, still believe me, your affectionate friend."

When M. Hardy had signed this letter, d'Aigrigny drew a paper from his pocket, saying, "You will, my dear son, have the kindness to sign this paper, granting authority to the reverend Abbé, our *procureur*, to terminate the affairs in question."

M. Hardy having complied with this request, relapsed into his apathy, and a moment after, a servant entered, and said to d'Aigrigny, "Agricola Baudoin wishes to speak with M. Hardy, with whom he says he has an appointment."

"Let him wait," replied d'Aigrigny, and concealing his vexation, he returned to M. Hardy, adding—"this worthy artisan is in a great hurry to see you; he is two

hours before his time; will you receive him?"

"You see how weak I am, father; have pity on me; let me repose, I beseech you, even if it be the repose of the tomb."

"You will enjoy eternal repose with the elect, my dear son," said d'Aigrigny, as he left the room.

M. Hardy, left alone, clasped his hands in despair, and falling on his knees, cried, "Oh, my God! my God! remove me from this world; I am too unhappy to live."

Suddenly a noise was heard; the door of the apartment was opened with violence, and d'Aigrigny, pushed by Agricola, staggered into the room.

"Dare you employ violence?" cried d'Aigrigny, pale with rage.

"I dare do anything to see M. Hardy," replied Agricola, advancing to his employer, who was still on his knees, in the middle of the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.—AGRICOLA BAUDOUIN.

The three actors in this scene remained mute for several minutes. Agricola was struck with surprise at M. Hardy's wasted features, but as yet he had not discovered the debilitated state of his mind. D'Aigrigny, addressing M. Hardy, was the first to break silence.

"I imagine, my dear son," said he, "that after your recent positive and voluntary decision not to receive Monsieur, that his presence must be painful to you; and I hope that from deference, or at least gratitude to you, he will, by retiring, put an end to this indecorous scene, which has already lasted too long."

Agricola, turning his back to d'Aigrigny, said to his employer, "Ah, sir, how glad I am to see you, although you appear to be suffering greatly. My comrades would be so happy to be in my place. If you only knew what they have commissioned me to tell you. We all cherish and venerate you."

D'Aigrigny cast a glance at M. Hardy, which signified, "What did I tell you?" Then, approaching Agricola, he said, "I have already told you that your presence here is unreasonable."

But Agricola, without noticing him, said, "Monsieur Hardy, have the kindness to tell this man to leave the room. My father and I know him well; he is aware of this." Then turning to d'Aigrigny, and eyeing him with indignation mixed with disgust, added, "If you wish to hear what I have to say to M. Hardy respecting you, you can return in a few minutes, but at present I wish to speak to him on private business, and to give him a letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who knows you as well as my father and I do."

The Jesuit coolly replied, "Permit me to

tell you, sir, that you are rather confounding our situations. I am here in my own place, where I have the honour to receive M. Hardy. It is I, therefore, who should have both the right and the power to make you leave this instantly."

"Pardon, father," said M. Hardy, with deference. "Excuse Agricola; his attachment to me carries him too far; but, since he is here, and has something of a private nature to confide to me, permit me to converse with him for a few minutes."

"Permit you, my dear son," replied d'Aigrigny, feigning the utmost surprise; "are you not at perfect liberty to do what you like. Did you not, in spite of my request for you to receive Monsieur, explicitly refuse this interview!"

"You are right, father."

D'Aigrigny, after this reply, could not well persist any longer; therefore, rising and pressing the hand of M. Hardy, he said, with an expressive gesture, "I will return shortly, my dear son, but remember what I predicted to you in our recent conversation."

"Do not be uneasy, father."

The Jesuit left the apartment.

Agricola, surprised and confounded, asked himself if it was really his old employer that he heard calling d'Aigrigny father with so much deference and humility; then, examining M. Hardy's features more attentively, he observed on his wasted countenance an expression of feebleness and lassitude, which both pained and alarmed him. Endeavouring, however, to conceal his feelings, he said, "At length, sir, you are about to be restored to us. We shall soon see you in the midst of us. Ah! your return will render many persons happy, and allay much uneasiness; for, if possible, we love you more since we have been afraid of losing you."

"Kind and worthy youth," said M. Hardy, holding out his hand to Agricola, with a melancholy smile, "I never for a moment doubted either you or your comrades; their gratitude always recompensed me for the good I was enabled to do them."

"And which you will still do them, Monsieur, for—"

"Listen to me," interrupted M. Hardy, "I must speak frankly to you, in order that neither you nor your comrades may entertain hopes which can no longer be realised. I have decided to live henceforth, if not in a cloister, at least in profound retirement, for I am tired, oh, very tired—"

"But we are not tired of loving you, sir," cried Agricola, more and more alarmed at M. Hardy's dejection, "it is our duty now to devote ourselves to you; to assist you by industry, zeal, and disinterestedness, to rebuild the factory, your noble and generous work."

M. Hardy shook his head sorrowfully,

and replied, "I repeat to you, my friend, that I have done with active life; you see in how short a time I have grown twenty years older; I have now neither strength, will, nor courage to recommence the labours of the past. I have done what I could for the welfare of humanity. I have paid my debt, and now I have only one desire, and that is for repose; only one hope—for the peace and consolation which religion procures."

"What, sir, do you prefer remaining in this sad solitude to living among those by whom you are so much beloved? Do you think you will be happier here with these priests than in your factory, rebuilt and more flourishing than ever?"

"There is no more happiness for me here below," replied M. Hardy, sorrowfully.

"Sir," resumed Agricola, "they are deceiving you shamefully."

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"I tell you, sir, these priests that surround you have sinister designs; don't you know the parties with whom you reside?"

"Pious members of the Society of Jesuits."

"Yes, your most mortal enemies."

"Enemies!" said M. Hardy, with a smile of sorrowful indifference, "I have nothing to fear from enemies. What injury can they do me now?"

"They wish to despoil you, sir, of your share of an immense inheritance. Their plan is conceived with infernal tact; the daughters of Marshal Simon, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, Gabriel, my adopted brother, and in short, every one belonging to your family have nearly fallen victims to their machinations. I tell you, that these priests have no other object than that of abusing your confidence; it was for this they caused you to be conveyed here after the burning of the factory."

"You are mistaken, my friend; they have taken the greatest care of me; and, as to this pretended inheritance, of what use is the wealth of this world to me now? The affairs of this vale of misery and tears are no longer anything to me. My sufferings are known to the Lord, and I wait for him, in his mercy, to call me hence."

"No, no, sir, it is impossible that you can be so changed," said Agricola, who could not believe what he heard; "you, sir, believe in these desolating maxims! You that always spoke to us of the inexhaustible goodness of God! And we believed you, for he had sent you amongst us."

"I must submit, since he has taken me from you, no doubt, because I did not serve him according to his will. I had always the creature in view more than the creator."

"And how could you serve God better, sir, than by rewarding industry and probity, treating your workmen like brethren,

developing their understandings, elevating their minds, augmenting their happiness, and diffusing among them sentiments of equality and fraternity? Ah! sir, only remember the good you have done, and the daily benedictions of the little community that was indebted to you for the unlooked-for happiness it enjoyed!"

"My friend, of what use is it to recall the past? If I have acted well in the sight of the Lord, he will reward me; but, instead of exalting myself, I ought to bow down in the dust, for I have been, I fear, in an evil path, and have strayed from his church; therefore I must expiate my guilt in solitude, with tears and mortification."

Agricola was overwhelmed with sorrow on hearing these sentiments; he stood for several minutes silently gazing on the sinister maxims selected from the "Imitation." At length he drew from his pocket Adrienne's letter, in which he placed his last hope, and presenting it to M. Hardy, said, "Sir, one of your relations desired me to give you this letter."

"What good can it do, my friend?"

"Read it, I beseech you, sir. Mademoiselle de Cardoville waits for your reply. It relates, sir, to very important interests."

"There is left for me only one important interest, my friend," said M. Hardy, raising his eyes to heaven.

"Read it, sir, in the name of that gratitude which we will impress on the minds of our children, who will not have had the happiness of knowing you; and if, after you have read it, your opinion is not changed, then your poor workmen will have lost for ever their benefactor. No matter—your memory will always be held sacred by us, and we will never pronounce your name save with tenderness and respect."

In uttering this, Agricola, in spite of the masculine energy of his character, could not restrain his tears.

"Pardon," he added, "if I weep; it is not for myself alone; my heart bleeds when I think of the tears that will be shed by those who will say to themselves, 'We shall never again see M. Hardy—never!'"

Agricola's emotion was so sincere, and his frank and noble countenance had such an expression of devoted attachment, that M. Hardy, for the first time since his sojourn with the reverend fathers, felt his heart warmed and animated, and he held out his hand to Agricola, saying, "Thank you, my friend—this new proof of your devotion is sweet to me."

"Ah! sir," cried Agricola, with a gleam of hope, "listen to the dictates of your heart; it will tell you to confer happiness on those who love you. Read this generous lady's letter."

"No, no, I ought not," replied M. Hardy,

hesitatingly, "it will bring me nothing but regret; it is true I loved you all, and devised many projects for your future welfare, but of what avail is this? the past cannot be recalled." At length, overcome by Agricola's entreaties, he began to read the letter; his countenance brightened as he proceeded, and when he reached the close, he exclaimed, "What kindness, and what intelligence! what elevation of thought! I shall never forget her generous offers to me. May she be happy in this sad world!"

"Believe me, sir," said Agricola, "a world which contains such beings as this excellent lady is not entirely one of wickedness and corruption; listen to her advice, accept her offers, and leave this house of death."

"Leave this calm retreat, and return to a world where I have suffered so much? No, I cannot—I ought not."

"I have not entirely relied on myself to induce you to leave this house. By the advice of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, I brought the abbé Gabriel de Rennepont with me."

"Who is he?" asked M. Hardy.

"My adopted brother," replied Agricola, proudly. "Ah! if you had known him sooner, you would not have given yourself up to despair."

"Where is he?"

"In your antechamber; I shall now call him."

M. Hardy seemed fearful and hesitating, but Agricola, profiting by his indecision, called Gabriel, who entered the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HIDING-PLACE.

Close to the apartment occupied by M. Hardy was a place of concealment capable of holding two persons, in which, owing to a large tube skilfully placed, a whisper uttered in the adjoining chamber could be heard, and also, every thing that took place there could be seen through the holes in the wall which we have already described.

When d'Aigrigny found he could not delay an interview the results of which might prove so disastrous to the projects of the Jesuits, he went to consult Rodin, who at once perceiving the impending danger, and wishing to see and hear, that he might judge for himself, hastened—after he had dispatched an emissary to the palace of the archbishop of Paris, the object of whose visit will subsequently appear—to the hiding-place along with d'Aigrigny. The two reverend fathers reached their place of concealment a little before Agricola had prevailed on his employer to read Adrienne's letter. Rodin, whose indomitable energy had enabled him to go through

the terrible operation performed by Doctor Baleinier, was now out of danger; he was, however, frightfully meagre, and might have been taken for a living illustration of one of those ascetic monks belonging to the sombre school of Spanish painting.

When Gabriel entered M. Hardy's apartment, d'Aigrigny, casting at Rodin a look of despair and vexation, said in a low voice, "But for the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the entreaties of Agricola would have been made in vain. Is this accursed girl to be everywhere the obstacle to mar the success of our projects? In spite of all our efforts she has renewed her acquaintance with the Indian; if the abbé Gabriel should crown all by rescuing M. Hardy from us, what shall we do then? we can only despair for the future!"

"No," replied Rodin, coolly, "if my orders be not executed too slowly at the archbishop's palace, I will answer for success, but I must have the papers in less than half an hour."

"They ought to be signed, for, in accordance with your commands, I wrote on the day of the operation, and"—

Rodin, instead of continuing this conversation, placed his eye close to one of the apertures, through which he could see what was passing in the adjoining apartment, and then signed to d'Aigrigny with his hand to remain silent.

(To be continued.)

THE OXFORD POETICAL CLUB.

The following quaint account of the Oxford Poetical Club we extract from an old and facetious work, entitled "Terra Filius; or the Secret History of the University of Oxford," published in the year 1754.

Divers eminent and most ingenious gentlemen, true lovers and judges of poetry, having, with great grief, observed that noble art declining in Oxford (its ancient seat and fountain) resolved, if possible, to restore it to its pristine vigour and glory. They justly apprehend both from reason and experience, that a critical lecture, in a term, though never so judicious, was not sufficient, and that the theory of any art was defective without the practice; and, therefore, they thought the best method to forward this design, would be to institute a weekly meeting of the finest geniuses and *beaux esprits* of the university, at a certain place to be appointed by them, where they might debate the cause of poetry, and put its law into regular execution. This proposal was immediately assented to, and the next question was where to meet?

This occasioned a short debate, some

speaking in behalf of the King's Head, and some declaring for the Crown; but they were both opposed by others, who presumed that the Three Tuns would suit them much better; in which they carried their point, and the Three Tuns was thereupon nominated the place of meeting.

This club is miscellaneous composed of persons of all faculties and persons of no faculties, as lawyers, parsons, physicians, gentlemen, commoners, &c.; and is styled "a society for the reformation and improvement of the antient art and mystery of rhyme making."

The present members are the Rev. Dr. Drybones, Dr. Levy, Dr. Crassus, Mr. Peter Crambo, Mr. Thomas Sadman, Mr. Edward Fustian, Mr. John Jingle, Mr. Timothy Triplet, Mr. Oliver Point, Mr. Daniel Easy, Mr. Alexander Tag, Mr. James Stanza, Mr. Thomas Paroquet, Mr. Thomas Wharton, and Mr. Pickering Rich.

At the first meeting there had like to have been a warm contest between the aforesaid Mr. Wharton and Mr. Rich, who stood candidates for the president's chair; and the members were in some perplexity which of the two they should prefer to that honour, having both of them distinguished themselves in an uncommon manner: but, at last, they came to a resolution, *namine contradicente*, that it did of right belong to Mr. Wharton, in consideration of his seniority and of his professorship in the same art; with this clause, however, in favour of Mr. Rich, that the society did not by this intend to suggest that the said Mr. Wharton possesses any superior talents, skill, or abilities, in the said art, to him the said Mr. Rich. This was esteemed a very prudent and politic course, as it prevented all manner of bickering, jealousy, and emulation, in point of honour, between these two gentlemen, which might otherwise occasion great heats and animosities among the members, who would, of course, divide themselves into parties, some on one side and some on the other, as their particular fancies, interests, and prejudices, led them, to the apparent dangers, if not the total dissolution of the society.

Whereas by this cautious method the honour of both parties was preserved untouched, and though Mr. Wharton took possession of the chair, yet Mr. Rich was declared as good a poet, and his successor.

Having settled this dispute they appointed a committee to prepare such laws as should appear necessary for the preservation and good order of the society.

This committee was composed of the aforesaid Mr. Pickering Rich, chairman, Mr. Peter Crambo, Mr. Thomas Sadman, Mr. Edward Fustian, and Mr. Daniel Easy; who drew up the following orders, to be obeyed by all persons belonging, or to belong to, the said society: viz.—

1. That no person be admitted a member of this society, without letters testimonial, to be signed by three persons of credit, that he has distinguished himself in some full catch, sonnet, epigram, madrigal, anagram, acrostic, tragedy, comedy, or epic poem.

2. That no person be admitted a member of this society, who has any visible way of living, or can spend five shillings *per annum de proprio*; it being an established maxim, that no rich man can be a good poet.

3. That no member do presume to discover the secrets of this society to anybody whatsoever, upon pain of expulsion.

4. That no member do in any of his poetical lucubrations, transgress the rules of Aristotle, or any other sound critic, ancient or modern, under pain of having his said lucubrations burnt in a full club by the hands of the small beer drawer.

5. That no member do presume in any of his writings to reflect on the church of England as by law established, on either of the two famous universities, or upon any magistrate or member of the same, under the pain of having his said writings burnt as aforesaid, and being himself expelled.

6. That no tobacco be smoked in this society, the fumigation thereof being supposed to cloud the poetical faculty, and to clog the subtle wheels of the imagination.

7. That no member do repeat any verses, without leave first had and obtained from Mr. President.

8. That no person be allowed above the time of one hour to repeat at once.

9. That no person do print any of his verses without the approbation of the major part of this society, under pain of expulsion.

10. That every member do subscribe his name to the foregoing articles.

When these several orders were reported to the society, by the committee, some objections were made to three of them.

First, Dr. Crassus objected against the sixth; that being a very fat man, and of a gross constitution, he humbly apprehended that the use of tobacco would carry off those noxious, heavy particles, which turn the edge of the fancy, and obstruct his intellectual perspiration. He was seconded in this by a physician his friend, who confirmed what he said, upon which a clause was ordered to be inserted, to empower the said Dr. Crassus to enjoy the free use of tobacco. Provided nevertheless that he smoke in a corner of the room, so as not to offend the rest of the company.

Then, Mr. Paroquet made his objection against the second article, alleging that he could not, with a safe conscience, declare that he had no visible way of living;

or that he could not spend five shillings *per annum de proprio*. But he was quickly made easy in this by Mr. President, who, with great judgment, explained the nature of that article, by observing, "that as God is the sole author and disposer of all things, we cannot in a strict sense call anything our own, nor say that we have any visible way of living, our daily bread being the bounty of his invisible hand; and therefore said that pious casuist, you may, *salvo conscientia*, declare that you have no visible way of living; and that you cannot spend five shillings *per annum de proprio*, though, according to vain human computation, you are worth five thousand pounds a year."

Lastly, Mr. Timothy Triplet objected against the last article, upon the humble representation, that he could not write, and therefore could not comply with the strict letter of the law; but he offered to set his mark, if that would do; which was accepted without any hesitation; it being truly no uncommon thing in many an excellent poet.

All these difficulties being removed, the several articles were ordered to be fairly engrossed and framed to be hung up over the mantel-piece in their club-room, for the use of the members.

And then they paid their reckoning, and adjourned till that day seven-night.

MINUTES OF THE CLUB.

The members being met and the President having assumed the chair, Mr. Alexander Tag desired to be informed whether the fifth article, which prohibits all reflections upon the church of England, as by law established, excludes the use of the heathen deities in his christian compositions, which was answered in the negative, it being, as they observed, impossible to excel in love poetry without them. Upon which Mr. Tag expressed a great deal of joy; telling them that he had almost finished a long epithalamium, which he would shortly submit to their examination. By this time, their poetical blood began to circulate, and several members repeated their extemporary verses with great fluency and applause. During the first part of the night, their thoughts were somewhat gloomy, and ran upon elegies and epitaphs both upon living and dead men, *Exempli gratia*.

On Peter Randal, of Oriel College.

Here lies Randal Peter,
Of Oriel, the enter;
Whom death at last has eaten,
Thus is the bitter bitten,
Of him nothing is memorial,
But that he was a fellow of Oriel.

Upon old Jo. Pullen, of Maudlin Hall.

Here lies Jo. Pullen,
Wrapt up in woollen.

Upon Jacob Bobart, keeper of the physic garden.

Here lies Jacob Bobart,
Nailed up in a cupboard.

On the cook of St. John's College.

Here lies the honest cook of our college,
Who choused us out of eight hundred pounds, to my knowledge.

These four were all written by a gentleman who has, on many occasions, distinguished himself by his wit and humour.

An epitaph upon the Whigs.

Craving o'er the south seas, in the late stormy weather,
Down sunk the poor Whigs, and their leaders together;
So false boys at last, is our old proverb found,
That born to be hanged, they would never be drowned.

On Mr. Young.

Hail! mighty bard! noted for tickling* song,
Mayst thou continue like thy verse, and for ever Young.

This was written by Mr. James Stanza, and was mightily applauded when rehearsed, but whether it was designed by way of satire or panegyric, this deponent cannot positively set forth.

An author's epitaph by himself.

Here lies the author of the apparition,
Who dy'd, God wot, but in a poor condition,
If reader, you would shun his fate,
Nor write, nor preach, for church or state;
Be dull, exceeding dull, and you'll be great.

Upon some verses of Father William.

Thy verses are immortal, O! my friend,
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

By the Rev. Dr. Drybones.

On Belinda.

Bright as the sun, gentle as the moon,
When this at midnight shines, and that at noon;
Belinda fires the breast and charms the sight,
Then let us toast her round from morn to night.

Mr. Paroquet wrote these with his diamond ring upon one of the glasses, and handed it about with great success.

To Cælia.

Since in religion all men disagree,
And some one God believe, some thirty, and some three;

Since no religion called by any name,
In ten, nay two believers is the same;
But since in woman from the days of Eve,
All nations, tongues, and languages believe,
Since in this faith, no heresies we find,
To love, let our religion be resigned,
And Cælia reign the goddess of mankind.

This was written by Mr. Edward Fustian, which being voted heretical, it was burnt by the hands of the small beer drainers, in a full club, and the author was expelled, according to the laws in that case made and provided.

This ended the first meeting of the "Oxford Poetical Club," whether any subsequent ones were held, is not chronicled; however, the proceedings of the one before us, give us a good idea of the facetious style of writing at that day.

* He wrote a poem for Mr. Tickel.

Rebels.

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello. With Illustrations by Thomas and Edward Gilks, from Original Sketches by D. H. McKewan. [Longman.]

To this very pretty volume, which was slightly noticed last week, we return with pleasure. Miss Costello is a most agreeable mistress of the ceremonies in those beautiful scenes to which she invites her friends. Her book will, we think, cause North Wales to be much more generally known and visited than heretofore. No traveller, desirous of remembering what he sees, should fail to take it with him. It is exactly what a traveller wants; while it saves him infinite trouble, by imparting what, without it, would cost him a thousand questions to learn; it ever brings before him some curious and interesting legend, rendered more impressive by the elegant and striking illustrations supplied by the Gilkses and McKewan. They are not only pleasing but they forcibly recall the places they represent. Any one who has visited St. Winefred's Well will almost "live again in the scene" he sees in the accompanying engraving, which, as well as that at the com-



mencement of the present number are from the work.

The history of it is playfully given:—

"Margaret, the mother of Henry VII, erected the graceful chapel whose fretted roof is the boast of Holywell, but one had existed long before her time; for the miracle of St. Winefred happened, according to the monks of Rasingwerk, to whom the world is indebted for the legend, early in the seventh century, and is thus told:—

"Winefred, a beautiful and devout virgin, lived in the reign of an imaginary king, and was of noble birth, and the niece of a man whose sanctity had already made him

conspicuous, and who was known as the good Beuno. A prince of the country, whose name was Caradoc, saw the fair damsel and loved her; but his passion was not so pure as her goodness ought to have inspired. Even then there was a chapel at the foot of the hill, where, while Beuno was at the altar praying with certain of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town, amongst whom were the parents of Winefred, to the astonishment of all, a head rolled and bounded into the sacred enclosure, and stopped at the altar. Beuno stooped to raise up the head, and observed that where it had rested, instead of the pool of blood which was there but an instant before, a stream of crystal water had sprung up. His amazement was increased when he found that the beautiful features, and long golden hair of the head he gazed upon were those of his beloved niece. He hastened from the spot, and mounting the hill, discovered her mutilated body lying prostrate, and the cruel prince Caradoc flying with a drawn sword in his hand. The truth became clear to him at once. Winefred had fled from the importunities of the prince, who, pursuing, had wreaked his vengeance on her by cutting off her head. The saint, for such Beuno afterwards became, immediately with devout prayers joined the severed head to the body, when, to the awe and delight of all the beholders, the virgin arose as if from sleep, uninjured and lovely as ever, nor was there a trace left of the accident but a slight white mark, like a thread, round her throat. Beuno cursed the catiff prince, 'who melted away as wax melts before the fire.' Winefred lived fifteen years after this event; she founded a monastery at Gwytherin in Denbighshire, of which she became the abbess, and died there.

"Before the event of her decapitation, it seems the valley was particularly dry, so much so as to bear the name of *Sychnant* (Syéh, i.e. *dry*, and *nant*, a *hollow*, a *brook*), from that circumstance; therefore, it was most fortunate that the head of the pursued damsel should have rolled where it did. Not only did the spring attest the miracle, but the very moss and stones around have properties that enforce the belief. The moss emits an odoriferous smell in testimony of the saint's purity, and the stones at the bottom are stained with her blood, and keep their tint to this day. It is true that some naturalists, who had not the same motive for keeping the world in ignorance as the monks of Basingwerk had, have proclaimed that the moss is only a sweet scented plant, called *Jungermannia asplenoides*, and that the crimson stains on the stones are produced by a vegetable named *Byssus jolithus*, by no means uncommon, thus characterised by Linnæus: 'the Byssus easily betrays

itself, by giving the stones, to which it adheres, an appearance of being smeared with blood. If rubbed, the plant yields a smell like violets."

"Fortunately, all the botanical and other students of the days of St. Winefred, were monks, who knew well how to keep their own counsel, and turn their knowledge to their own advantage."

Miss Costello proceeds thus throughout the work—gracefully blending fact and fiction—giving the fabulous to explain the real. On mentioning Lord Newborough's estate, she says:—

"This family bear in their arms, *a man's leg coupé à la cuisse, sable*, in memory of their ancestor, a certain Cilman Troed du, or Kilmin with the black foot, one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales. Those who wish to account in a natural way for the circumstance of a knight having a black leg, relate, that in a desperate encounter the limb was so much injured, as to threaten mortification, and was obliged to be amputated; but the received opinion is something less common-place.

"The fact is, that Cilmin, living in the vicinity of necromancers and demons, became the intimate friend of one of the former, who knew all the secrets of nature, except one, which he was aware was contained in a volume, written by no human hand, and guarded by a demon, whose abode was near the summit of the forked mountain of Yr Eifl (for so the Rivals were formerly called), or the Fiery. The necromancer, though potent in his art, had no power even to attempt gaining possession of this mystic book: but he pined after the knowledge it concealed, and he imparted to his friend Cilmin the trouble of his soul. The knight, who feared nothing, instantly offered to dare any adventure, in order to satisfy his longing, and set forth armed at all points to the dangerous spot. The sage informed him that he must use the utmost caution in possessing himself of the magic volume, and be particularly careful in crossing a certain brook at the foot of the mountain, where the demon's jurisdiction ended, not to wet his feet, as evil might otherwise befall him.

"Cilman departed for the mountain of the mighty Twins (another name for the Rivals), and after riding several hours, entered the gloomy vale called Nant-y-Gwyttern which is crowded with ragged and lofty mountains, and opens only to the sea. He spurred his steed over the stony way, climbed the sides of a steep declivity, and arrived at Tref y Caerau, or the town of the Fortresses, which runs from one side of Yr Eifl to the other, and consists of an immense rampart of huge stones encircling the summit of the mountain, and ending in a point which is almost inaccessible. These rocky

barriers are filled with cells of every form, and at the time when Cilmin ventured on his errand, they were known to be the resort of the demons who served the chief spirit, whose abode was on the highest pinnacle of the rock; there he dwelt with a hideous and terrible giantess, his companion, who executed his bidding, and caused infinite desolation in the country. Their constant study was the book, which in their hands taught only evil, but looked into by christian eyes would disclose much that would serve mankind.

"The giantess inhabited a cell on the south side of Tref y Caerau: it is called to this day Moel-carn-y-Guwch, and now rises to a cone, being crowned by a huge pile of stones like the ruins of a fortress: but at that time the stones were in the lap of the giantess; and her intention was to heat them red hot at the demon's fire, and cast them down upon the neighbouring fields to destroy them. Suddenly, she beheld Cilman riding impetuously up the steep, and, taken by surprise, she started from her seat, and let all the stones fall from her apron; whence the place is since called The Apron-full of Stones.

"Then followed a fearful combat with the giantess, the demon, and the knight, but the latter, by the help of his good sword and its cross handle, was able at length to fell the demon to the earth, and snatch from him the book, which he always held beneath his serpent wing. No sooner had the knight gained his prize, than he commenced a retreat; and spurring his horse he began to descend the mountain, with the whole city of demons howling at his heels. On he went, over rock and through valley, making the ground re-echo to his courser's hoofs, and still keeping the rabble rout at bay. At length he reached the stream of Llifon, and there, just on the edge, his gallant steed fell, exhausted and dying, and he felt that the demons were gazing upon him; he knew that they could not cross the river; but it was so wide that scarcely was it possible for him to leap it—to ford it was impossible: the current was too strong. An effort, he felt, must be made, and he hesitated no longer; but, rising on the back of his fallen steed, he gave a desperate spring, and gained the opposite side; at that very moment his foot slipped, one of his legs sunk into the water, and it was with extreme difficulty he could draw it forth again, and manage to climb up the bank. He felt as if a red-hot iron grasp had seized his leg beneath the water; and he heard a low chuckling laugh as he hurried away from the stream, and sought the hermitage of his friend the necromancer to whom he gave the book which he had gained at such risk.

"From that time the limb which the demon had caught became coal black, and the

knight was lame to his dying day; he always in memory of the event, wore a suit of black armour, which caused him to be called Kilman Troed, or Droed Du."

Abroad or at home this volume must prove a favourite companion.

The Gatherer.

Sorrows of High Life.—Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney-coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it:—"Who do you think I saw yesterday in a hackney-coach? I wonder where she could be driving alone, down those narrow streets? If I walked with a footman behind me, there are so many women of the town now who flaunt about with a smart footman, that I run the hazard of being taken for one of them; and, if I went alone, either there would be some good natured friend who would hint that Lady Hester did not walk out alone for nothing; or else I should be met in the street by some gentleman of my acquaintance, who would say, "God bless me, Lady Hester! where are you going alone?—do let me accompany you;" and then it would be said, "Did you see lady Hester crossing Hanover Square with such a one? He looked monstrous foolish: I wonder where they had been." So that, from one and the other, I was obliged to stop at home entirely.—*Lady H. Stanhope.*

Railway through London.—A new railroad to pass from the west end of town to Fenchurch-street is in contemplation, this is to be effected by a new street nearly as wide as Regent-street, running parallel with, and between Cannon-street and Thames-street, from Blackfriars Bridge to Whitechapel. It is proposed that the railway shall be carried along the middle of this new street, upon a frame work of iron girders, eighteen feet in height, supported by columns along the side pavement, resembling in effect those of the Quadrant, and leaving beneath a roadway of corresponding width for the ordinary traffic. The object is to open building frontages throughout the whole line, of a saleable value sufficient nearly to defray the cost of purchasing the inferior property required to be removed. It is calculated that the new street will create 10,800 feet of building frontage, which if left at £2 2s. per foot, and the ground rents afterwards sold at thirty years' purchase, will produce £680,000—an amount almost equal, it is said, to the estimated outlay:—but in Moor-gate-street and Gresham-street, the price obtained for building plots was often, we are informed, £4 and £5 per foot, instead of £2 2s., and a larger sum than £680,000 may

therefore be realised. The atmospheric system is to be adopted.

Discovery of an Ancient Coffin.—A stone coffin has been discovered at Islington, near White Conduit House. An immense stone being found, it was supposed the top part of it might be removed. This effected, a kind of chamber was disclosed, measuring eight feet in width by ten feet in length, and six feet in depth, the sides of which were engraven with antique figures. The cavity was found to contain another block of stone, hewn out somewhat in the form of a coffin, as also a large quantity of coins, baring date the year 110 (which was the only inscription that could then be traced), and several war instruments of a superior construction, many parts being of gold. From the fact of bones having been discovered in the supposed coffin, it is considered that some person of distinction has been entombed in this spot, together with all his wordly appurtenances.

Fire at Philadelphia.—On the 11th of last month, the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia was burnt to the ground, with a large proportion of the treasures which it contained.

A Great Fall of Rain.—It has been ascertained that "On the morning of February 3, 1852, rain was falling throughout nearly every portion of the United States, from an unknown distance in the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico northward to an unknown distance beyond Lake Superior. The area upon which rain is ascertained to have been simultaneously falling was more than 1400 miles in a north and south direction."

To Read Illegible Inscriptions on Silver Coin.—If you have a silver coin, the inscription of which by much wear is become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire; when red-hot, place the coin upon it, when the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the Mint to discover the genuine coin when the silver was last called in.

Dramatic Discovery.—An interesting volume found by Mr. A. Asher, of Berlin, and by him transferred to the British Museum. It consists of a series of French Farces, Bergeries, and Moralités, printed from 1542 to 1548, and even the most instructed of the bibliographers of France, England, and Germany were ignorant of the existence of about fifty-eight of these curious monuments of the manners and customs of the sixteenth century.

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